

There's No Training the Sea

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Summary: Hiccup and his family live in a small village in Newfoundland making their living with the dying fishing industry. Hiccup had recently lost his father and a limb and now his family tries to mend themselves. There may be a little romance thrown in later on... ; ) AU, Hiccup/Astrid (later) ... No Toothless ... for now...

## 1. Chapter 1

\_Oh hey. This current semester, I've been in a writing course. It hasn't improved my writing at all, but it gives me a chance to actually write a midst my busy schedule. \_

\_In our short story unit, we had to develop original characters and write vignettes on them... sadly, I've been on fanfiction too long and therefore I just copied Hiccup's character. I put him in an alternate universe, and that will make more sense as I post more chapters. \_

\_For your own knowledge: Hiccup's mother is alive. Hiccup has a little brother. It's set in Newfoundland, Canada present day\_. \_Read away!\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup trudged down the stairs, ducking low on the last few steps. After his growth spurt two years ago, he learned that his body was not well apt for the dilapidated house.<p>

He lifted his head and was surprised by seeing both his mother and younger brother sitting at the table. There were slowly eating at a large breakfast of bacon, eggs and toast. There was a plate for him already set out and filled. He approached them slowly, unsure of what type of trap he was walking into.

"Morning." Hiccup grunted. His voice was gruff as it always was in the morning.

They murmured similar greetings but refused to make eye contact. He started to eat, grateful for the feast. He normally ate toast before heading out for the entire day, only a snack sustaining him until his very late dinner. He finished quickly, standing once again to take his plate.

"You going out today?" His mother asked. Hiccup set his plate in the sink and filled a glass with water before answering her.

"Yup."

"You should take your brother with you."

Hiccup was in mid-sip and almost choked at her suggestion. He spun around, looking at the evilly gleeful face of his brother before staring down his mother.

"Seriously?" there was no response. "I can't take him ma."

"And why not?"

"He has no idea what he's doing!"

"That's why you teach him."

"Mom, he's never set foot on a boat before. He's not even close to being ready for a full day fishing trip."

"Then start training him today. There's no time like the present."

"But Ma—" "

"Why don't you want me to go?" Logan asked, speaking up for the first time.

"Because you're related to me! You're bound to sink the boat somehow—| no offence."

"Hey!"

"Hiccup, Logan will be joining you today and that's final." She stood up then, pushing back her chair with a racket.

"Mom, listen to me. Just for thirty seconds."

There was a tense silence as she deliberated.

"Logan, go outside."

Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief while Logan rolled his eyes. He obeyed quickly thought, picking up on the fact that he wasn't needed for this particular life chat. Hiccup and his mother waited for the sound of the screen door slam before starting.

"I don't know why you're being so difficult Hiccup."

"I'm being difficult because he's too young for the trade."

"Start him with the basics so he will eventually become ready."

"Ready for what?"

"Ready for the time when he'll have to go out there and bring in the catch himself."

"Why does Logan have to be a fisherman? Why can't he go to school for something else? What's so wrong with being a teach, or a doctor, or hell, even a barber?"

"Hiccup!"

"Why is Logan destined to stay on this rock for the rest of his life?"

Hiccup stopped, turning away from his mother.

"Hiccup, I think you're not seeing the bigger picture."

"That's where you are wrong mom." Hiccup started in a quiet voice. "I am doing everything to give him the opportunities to do more than being a fisherman. I'm glad fishing worked out for dad, I really am. But nowâ€¦now I'm letting you hold him back from his future."

"Matthew James Haddock, don't you dare speak to your mother that way." Hiccup was wise enough to hang his head in guilt as his mother slowly advanced forward. "How dare you think that I'm unaware of how brilliant Logan is. How dare you think that I'm unaware of how you are the key to his success. I'm aware of what's going on in my household but I'm also aware of the fact that money doesn't grow on trees. In order to keep a roof over our heads and food in our bellies, we've all got to put our dreams on hold for a while."

"For how long?"

"Pardon?"

"How long are we going to have to make chum to pay our bills?"

"Hiccup, you know I can't answer that. Life is just as unpredictable as the seaâ€¦"

"Mom, don't. Don't start with the ocean analogies. I get it, we're all stuck here."

"I thought you understood that ever since you father died you had new responsibilities."

"I know, I know, I had to become the great fisherman that he once was. An impossible feat for the boy known to screw everything up."

"Do you think that if I had known what was going to happen that day

that I would have let you both go out there?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't mom, but it's still difficult. My legâ€|my leg limits me a lot. I'll never measure up to dad, and I know that a lifetime of fishing will never remedy that. I can't see myself staying here forever ma. You've got to understand that."

"I'm sorry Hiccup. I get your frustration, and I get that you're restless. But can you cooperate for a while longer until I find a way out of this?"

"Of course mum." Hiccup pulled her into a tight hug, one they haven't shared since the day that Hiccup was recovered from the ocean.

\* \* \*

><p><em> So. How was that? Lemmie know in a review. I would like to see what you guys think of this. I have no hate for the Newfies out there. I would love a chance to go there. Hopefully I'll get a chance to post more to my Hush Hush stories and what not, but this is what's going on now. Thanks for reading :D <em>

\_Love, Ella\_

## 2. Chapter 2

\_Okay, next chapter. This particular piece was written with character description in mind. You should also note that this story does not take place in chronological order. So yeah. \_

\_Enjoy!\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup closed the door with considerable force as he retreated to the dry belly of his boat.<p>

His eyebrows were furrowed as he stripped off his canary-yellow rain slicker to his grey thermal sweater underneath. Despite the water resistant clothing, the downpour had crept down his collar and dampened his shirt. His body shivered as the wet fabric clung to his lanky frame. He pulled on the material, trying to keep up the illusion that he wasn't just skin and bones and he had developed muscles over the years of hauling in nets.

His hair was darkened with the rain and plastered onto his forehead. Little drops collected on the ends and fell in his personal storm. The torments from those that have gone off to schools where they can become anything had become too much. He was stuck here on this rock, stuck with the same life that his father had. He wanted more, but he knew it just wasn't in the cards.

He grabbed a towel that he kept around for times like these to soak the water from his hair and reduce the muscle spasms. He could smell the inescapable stench of fish on the towel which had him throwing it away quickly. He didn't need to smell like this profession. He left his coveralls on since taking them off would be too difficult with his ailment. He retrieved his notebook from his the pocket of his raincoat before moving deeper into the boat.

The gentle rock masked the limp that was present on land. He was comfortable here, despite how much he hated it. He made his way to the small cot. It was uncomfortable, but Hiccup never slept long so it didn't matter. He piled pillows at one end for his head before cramming himself into the bed. His frame was two feet too tall for the cot, his feet hanging over the edge of the bed and touching the ground. On his back, he pushed his hair back before flipping through his notebook. He recalled creating the doodles of girls and drabbles of thoughts that he has had in the past year. There were sketches for new ways on improving the boat so it was always the best of the fleet. He had another idea when he was outside and needed to write it down. If it worked, his boat would be unparalleled.

The rain picked up and made a greater racket on the port windows. Hiccup looked out to see the ocean reflect the grey clouds, a miserable picture to anyone. Shaking his head in disappointment, he finished up his drawing and calculations before he got up and retrieved his coat. Notebook tucked away, he pushed open the cabin door. He was cold, but he didn't bother putting up his coat. His once damp hair had become soaked again, and this time fell in a maelstrom in front of his eyes. He retrieved the nets that his mother needed to mend and made sure that all other equipment was put away.

He heard laughter, and looked over to see kids playing on the docks. He watched them in amusment for a while, his smile crooked and genuine. Then they started to push it. They used the mooring lines as play equipment, swinging from them like misbehaving monkeys. The extra tension caused the boats to knock against the wooden docks. Putting the netting down on a nearby crate, Hiccup walked over, knowing that if he yelled they would just laugh in his face.

"Where are your raincoats?" was all he said, and yet the kids skidded to a halt. His voice was soft but carried through the noise of the rain ricocheting off of every surface. They looked at each other while Hiccup raised his brows, waiting for an answer.

"Inside," a boy with a stutter spoke up.

"Go get them and stay off the docks." Standing up from his usual slouch, Hiccup met every child's eyes with intimidation in mind. They got the cue and took off, leaving Hiccup very happy with himself. If only his little brother would listen like that.

He retrieved his nets before following their disappearing footprints.

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><p><em>Okay, maybe you could view this as being in chronological order if you squint. Anyway, how was it? Did I capture Hiccup's inner turmoil? Lemmie know in a review! Oh, and maybe the next chapter will be when he loses his leg.. maybe it will have a little Astrid... you never know... :) <em>

\_R&R! \_

\_Love, Ella\_

End  
file.